REVOLUTION WIDOWS

Nine Are Living and Drawing Pensions from the Government.

ALL OLD MEN'S DARLINGS.

Several in Virginia—Married Bluff and Hearty Soldiers Old Enough to Be Their Grandfathers—Two Write Interesting Letters.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

The present generation looks upon the heroes of the late war as old men whose ranks are constantly thinning by the ceaseless battle of time, and soon to be wiped out altogether. Yet, that war ended only thirty years ago. Little is heard about the men who fought in the Mexican war, as that event nowadays seems lost in the mist of antiquity. The war of 1812 is only remembered by little school-children who study about it in their histories. As for the War of the Revolution, that seems too long ago for the existence of any living links connecting it with the present.

Yet, in the last report of the Commissioner of Pensions, there are nine widows of Revolutionary soldiers who

MRS. NANCY CLOUD, MRS. MARY SNEAD, MRS. PATTY RICHARDSON, MRS. ASENATH TURNER.

are living and drawing pensions from the government, and none of them are extraordinarily old, either. They were clearly old men's darlings in the early years of the present century, as they were all many years younger than were their patriotic husbands. They can tell wonderful stories of the great war which gave birth to the nation, and consume hours in describing the hardships of their respective husbands. To them the War of the Revolution is something real, not an event to be read of in books. They have mind-pictures of its thrilling scenes constantly before them, full of the little details of living interest which made the war an awful thing to them, just as the widows of the civil war can appreciate the latter's horrors.

None of these living Revolutionary widows are as old as the present century, showing that their husbands were well along the milestones of life before their future wives were born. They also show that, like the gay old men of to-day, the Revolution had its beaux who were conquered by feminine youth and beauty, for each one of these dear old ladies will tell you seriously that she was considered a great beauty in her day, and that she had plenty of admirers, young and old.

ELDEST OF THE WIDOWS.

Mrs. Patty Richardson is the eldest of these famous widows. She was born ninety-four years ago, and her husband was Godfrey Richardson, who fought and struggled with the New York troops. The old lady is now living in the little town of East Bethel, Windsor county, Vt. Her husband fought under Schuyler, Herkimer, and Arnold, and helped those warriors to beat off Burgoyne and his Indian allies. Mrs. Richardson can tell many stories about the war, as her husband was in the thickest of many big battles.

The youngest of the widows is Mrs. Mary Snead, who is only 79 years old, and quite a handsome woman to-day. Her husband, Bowdoin Snead, was a Virginian, and fought with the troops that Washington loved best down in the innermost recesses of his heart. The old lady is now living in the small village of Parksley, in the old county of Accomac, Va., not far from where her husband was born and reared. Mrs. Snead's husband was a commissioned officer in the Revolution, and was probably born in 1750, although his widow was not born until 1816. She was not married until 1835, and at that time the Revolutionary hero was old enough to be her grandfather. The picture was made from a photograph of Mrs. Snead taken some years ago, and it can be seen that she must have been a remarkably pretty woman when the bluff old captain of the Continentals fell in love with her.

SUFFERED TWO WARS.

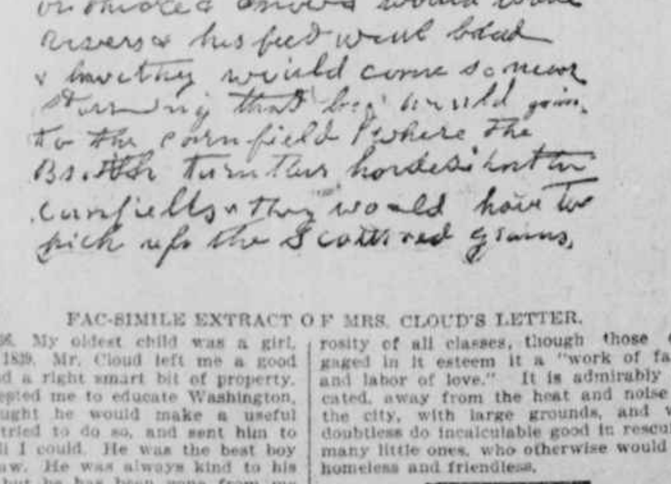
Mrs. Nancy Cloud, another of the widows, is very proud of the fact that her husband was one of the men who risked his life to establish the nation. She takes a lively interest in telling about the great war. The old lady is a Virginian, and suffered much in the civil war. On being asked to give an account of her life, she kindly wrote out the following:

"My husband, William Cloud, was a Revolutionary soldier. I have often heard him tell of the hardships he went through in the war, and how he walked and marched for miles on ice and snow; how he waded through rivers, and how his feet would bleed. I have heard him tell how they would come so near starving that they would go into a corn-field where the British fed their horses, and there they would pick up the scattered grains to keep themselves from starving. I think he said he was at the surrender of Yorktown, and marched four days without eating a mouthful.

"My husband's age was 92, as well as I can remember. Mr. Cloud was a fine, sensible man, and was well respected by all who knew him. He was a business man, and was presiding justice of the court for forty years. He was High Sheriff of the county when he died. Until on his deathbed he was strong-minded, pert, and active.

"He died in 1842, on the 8th of February, and my youngest child, a boy, was born the same day, about half an hour before Mr. Cloud died. He was in his senses, and named him Washington, after the Father of His Country. The house was crowded. He repeated his wish over and over. I told him all that he wanted us to know was that the child's name was Washington.

"I was married to Mr. Cloud in, I believe, 1836. My oldest child was a girl, born in 1839. Mr. Cloud left me a good home and a right smart bit of property. He requested me to educate Washington, and thought he would make a useful man. I tried to do so, and sent him to school all I could. He was the best boy I ever saw. He was always kind to his mother, but he has been gone from me about twenty-three years. He is practicing law, and wanted me to come to him, and sent me money. I preferred to stay with my daughter, who is married and living about a mile from where Mr. Cloud died.



FAC-SIMILE EXTRACT OF MRS. CLOUD'S LETTER.

"I had a hard time through the late war. All the money left me was exhausted before that, for I had to educate my two children. The hardest trial was when I had to give up my son to go to the war, and then my great troubles commenced. He was wounded and taken prisoner. But he said they were mighty kind to him on the other side. I had to sell some of my property, and now for seven years I have not been able to do anything.

NANCY CLOUD,
"the widow of William Cloud."

Mrs. Cloud is now living in Carroll county, Va. Her son Washington, who was born just when his father died, at the age of ninety-two, served in the late war in the Confederate army. The family has been quite wealthy, but was impoverished like many other southern families by the war. A fac-simile of part of Mrs. Cloud's letter is reproduced.

MRS. TURNER'S LETTER.

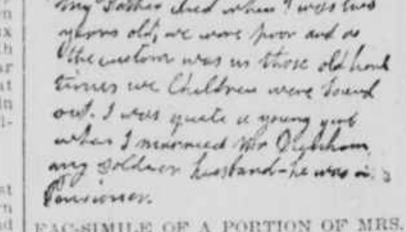
Mrs. Asenath Turner is another of the Revolutionary widows who likes to talk of the great war times. She has written a very interesting little story of her life in answer to a request. She married again after the death of her soldier husband, whose name was Samuel Durham. He belonged to the Connecticut troops, which did great work in the battles of Long Island and along the banks of the Hudson river. Mrs. Turner is now living in the town of Manchester, Ontario county, N. Y., surrounded by children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. She is 90 years old, and was married when 21 to Mr. Durham. This was in 1826, when the nation was fifty years old, and when Mr. Durham was considerably older. Her interesting letter follows:

"My name when a girl was Asenath Gurley. I was born and brought up in Connecticut (Mansfield). My father died when I was 2 years old. We were poor, and as the custom was in those old, hard times we children were bound out. I was quite a young girl when I married Mr. Durham, my soldier husband. He was a pensioner when I married him, but only got $25 a year because he had a little property, and the country was poor then. We lived in the same neighborhood where I was brought up several years, had two children, both now living; then we came here into York State, when the country was new and very sickly, with plenty of woods and log houses. Excepting a very few years, I have lived in the same neighborhood that I came to over sixty years ago.

"I know I ought to be able to tell a great deal about the old war, for hardly a day passed but what my husband told me some incident of the war, but I could not write it to have it read, anyhow. I presume the children could tell more than I can. The daughter lives in Wess Creek, N. J. (Mrs. Leigh). The son lives in this town, Almanin Durham.

"There is quite a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all descendants of the old soldier husband. I do not think there is such another instance in the whole country.

"I have had no pictures taken since I was seventy years old. I am now in



FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF MRS. TURNER'S LETTER.

my ninety first year, and very feeble. I do not leave the house.

"My husband served two terms in the war. Once he was drafted and once he enlisted, but I have forgotten how long he served each time. Yours respectfully,

"ASENATH TURNER."

Mrs. Mary Brown is now in her ninety-first year. Her husband, Joseph Brown, fought with the Pennsylvania troops all through the war. The old lady is now living in the city of Knoxville, Tenn., and can tell many stories about the hardships her Revolutionary husband encountered.

There are two Revolutionary widows living in the little county of Windsor, Vt. One of them, Mrs. Patty Richardson, has already been referred to. The other is Mrs. Esther S. Damon, widow of Noah Damon, who fought with the Massachusetts troops. Mrs. Damon lives in the old town of Plymouth Union, and is comparatively young, being only eighty-one years of age.

Another Virginia widow of the Revolution is Mrs. Rebecca Mayo, living in the village of Newberne, Pulaski county. Her husband, Stephen Mayo, fought with the Virgina troops, and helped fight Cornwallis in the Carolinas.

The last of the Revolutionary widows is Mrs. Nancy Weatherman, who married again after her soldier husband, Robert Glascock, died. He fought in the same Virginia regiment as Stephen Mayo. Mrs. Weatherman is now in her 88th year, and lives in the town of Lineback, Carter county, Tenn.

These old ladies are rapidly passing away. A few years ago there were over thirty on the pension-list. Next year there will probably be but five or six. There are many widows of the civil war just as old, but a hundred years from now there will still be widows of the soldiers of 1861 drawing pensions from the government, just as these old ladies are now doing.

A Worthy Institution.

(For the Dispatch.)

Bethany Home for Friendless Children, situated near Bon Air, is one of the most beneficent institutions in the State. Meeting a long-felt want. The only Protestant home or asylum in the State receiving children without regard to age or birth.

The ladies, who have consecrated their lives to this noble work, only ask if the case is of extreme necessity. Many children of the same family, left helpless and homeless, are separated and grow up ignorant of each other's existence. Here are three little sisters, the eldest less than 5 years, the youngest less than 1, watched over with maternal care, which will not cease until they are able to care for themselves, or are received into some Christian home, with the requirement that they shall be kept in communication with one another.

The first and most important object of this home is to give spiritual instruction and to train the children for lives of usefulness, so that when they are grown they can support themselves. A self-denying work, which appeals to the generosity of all classes, though those engaged in it esteem it a "work of faith and labor of love." It is admirably located, away from the heat and noise of the city, with large grounds, and will doubtless do incalculable good in rescuing many little ones, who otherwise would be homeless and friendless.

NOW TENANTLESS.

How the Treasures of Fifth-Avenue Are Cared For.

SUMMER WORK FOR SERVANTS.

Many Van Loads of Silver and Gold, Priceless Tapestries, and Rare Art Works Stored in Safe-Deposit Vaults.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, May 25.—All of the fashionable houses in New York have put on their summer liveries. A stroll up Fifth or Madison avenues discloses barred and boarded doors and windows shaded in dismal dark green.

Long before the 1st of June every scrap of lace, satin, and embroidered mull comes down, and the stiff, ugly green shades have the place of honor until October, when the dainty tinted and snowy white draperies make the exteriors of the plain brownstone houses lovely to look upon.

When Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Gould, or Mrs. Carnegie announces to her steward that she has determined upon a certain date to set sail for Europe, the steward informs the twenty or more servants under him, and as soon as the mistress quits her big house for the steamer all of the men and maids fall to work with a right good will.

Instead of carpets these houses have exquisite rugs laid over the polished ivory inlaid wood and marble floors. Silky, beautiful Persian prayer rugs, almost as exquisite in coloring as a painting, are used for the most part. Instead of lying loosely upon the floors, the rugs are woven unevenly into a neutral tinted filling, making a large, square rug, which almost covers the whole floor. There is all of the artistic appearance of separate rugs without the inconvenience of having them slip and slide every time they are walked upon. These rugs are sent, first of all, to the cleaners, where every spot, stain, or particle of dust is carefully removed, and if there is a single lose thread it is caught and mended by a Persian workman, who is especially employed for the business.

The walls and ceilings are the next consideration. The exquisite painting on the canvas-covered ceiling and the side walls, with their covering of gold-flecked silk, satin, brocade, and Gobelin and Beau Vais tapestry, must be kept from speck or stain. To the heavy gold picture-rod are fastened hooks which hold the long linen curtains which cover the walls completely, falling down to the floor. The ceiling is protected by a canopy arrangement of the white linen, extending from the picture-rod to the centre of the room, where it is caught around the chandelier, which is, in turn, swathed in the snowy linen.

The mirrors and open, tiled fireplaces are hidden from sight by the snowy draperies. Over the polished floors is stretched a carpet of heavy white canvas. The white-draped walls, staircase,

RECEPTION-ROOM IN ITS SUMMER DRESS.

and floors make these houses look like snow-palaces.

All of the silver and bric-a-brac is sent to Tiffany's to be thoroughly cleaned and put in perfect order before it is packed in the iron-bound cedar chests, which are afterwards stored away in various safe-deposit vaults.

THE ART GALLERIES.

The art galleries in most of these houses have no windows, but are lighted by immense roofs of glass. When the houses are closed for the summer, the paintings are covered with white cheesecloth, and the statuary is carefully draped in the same, soft, clinging stuff. The outer roof is fastened over the glass, and the room is practically light-proof and dust-proof.

Ten servants are required to keep Mrs. Anson Phelps-Stokes's big house on Madison avenue in running order while she is away. The house is left the same all the year around.

Mrs. Stokes says the luxury of feeling that she can drop down with all her family in New York, Newport, Lenox, or her London house and find servants and horses and everything, in fact, in such perfect order that she can take up her life just where she left it off, is worth the expense and the slight wear on the furniture.

William C. Whitney's magnificent home, on Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, has never been formally opened since Mrs. Whitney's death—two years ago. The most precious treasures in this house are the tapestries. The halls and library are hung with wonderful Gobelins, worth their weight in gold. These are taken care of by one of the swell upholstering firms, and are insured against fire, moths, or water.

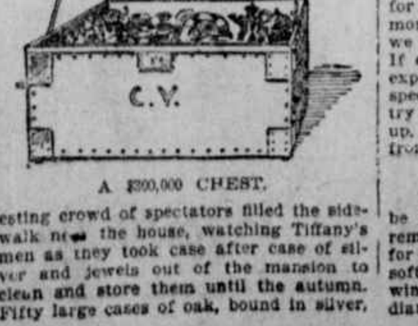
But the walls of the dining-room are a more serious matter, for the tapestries are fastened to the old oak panels like wall-paper. They have to be carefully covered with heavy cloth, fastened so closely that not a speck of dust can sift through. The rings and hangings go with the tapestries, and the furniture is fitted into the linen covers made for them.

All of the silver, bric-a-brac, and pretty bits of femininity in which Mrs. Whitney especially delighted are packed away in safes and cedar chests.

VANDERBILT PALACE CLOSED.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt closed their grand palace early in April, before they sailed for Europe. On their return they spent several weeks quietly in the city, leaving just after the coaching parade for Lenox, where they will attend the marriage of their niece, Adele Vanderbilt Sloane.

The day of their departure an interesting crowd of spectators filled the sidewalk near the house, watching Tiffany's men as they took case after case of silver and jewels out of the mansion to clean and store them until the autumn. Fifty large cases of oak, bound in silver,



A $300,000 CHEST.

with the Vanderbilt coat-of-arms, were put into the wagons.

In the Vanderbilt house very little change is made. The exquisite sculpturing and paintings are carefully covered, and some of the white-and-gold furniture,

WHEN THE MASTER IS AWAY.

but the furniture of antique oak and mahogany is dust- and wear-proof.

Eight servants are left in charge. Special policemen and detectives are employed by the Vanderbilt family, and they are on duty day and night when the families are away.

Summer is a rare season for the fortunate servants who are left in charge of these great houses. Below stairs it is considered a great honor to be a summer caretaker, as the work is nominal and the enjoyments many. There is an absence of the formal restrictions which hold the servant in check the rest of the year, and it is not a rare occurrence to see several quiet growler parties in full operation during the hot summer time on sainted Fifth avenue. Of course, these functions are conducted with more decorum than similar ones in the Fourth Ward, but this fact would not lessen the offence if the mistress of the house knew of them.

The Use of a Dollar.

RICHMOND, VA., May 17, 1895.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

During the last Congress Mr. Bourke Cochran, of New York, delivered a speech in the House of Representatives on the financial question, in which he gave the following illustration of the use in trade of a single dollar. Of course, it was a gold dollar, or it would not have gone so far. If Mr. Cochran had chosen to give full play to his imagination he might have shown that 10 cents would go as far as this peripatetic dollar, or, indeed, that the gentlemen who were playing shuttlecock with it might have gotten along altogether without it by substituting the check of "A," who commenced the performance, thus settling forever this vexed money question. In the illustration of Mr. Cochran, the per capita circulation is only 10 cents, and yet Central America, with a circulation lower than any other country on earth, has a per capita circulation of 84 cents. Is contraction to be carried on to this extent?

But, to illustrate, the illustration of Mr. Cochran is repeated:

"A buys a beefsteak for a dollar. The butcher buys a knife with the same dollar, the cutler buys a book with the same dollar, the bookseller buys a cravat with the same dollar, the haberdasher buys a pair of infant's shoes with the same dollar, the shoemaker buys five pounds of coffee with the same dollar, the grocer buys a straw hat with the same dollar, the hat man hires a carriage with the same dollar, and the carriage-driver buys another beefsteak in the evening from the same butcher with the same dollar. Now, here are ten transactions effected in one day by one dollar, and it could just as easily and as satisfactorily have effected ten times ten, if it had been circulated with sufficient briskness."

Now, suppose when the dollar reaches the hat-man he discovers that he can do without the carriage of the liveryman. He puts the dollar away in his pocket, and, knowing that the remaining nine must have it at some time in the future, he demands twice as much in value of their goods as it would have bought when it first went into his possession. What are the remaining nine to do? They are completely at his mercy, but this is the only money in the community, as it were, and this must buy it, for "A" cannot do without his meat, and the haberdasher don't want his children to go without shoes.

Now, this is the situation we are in to-day. All of the money in the country is redeemable in gold, and the gold is locked up. During the last session of Congress the Secretary of the Treasury deemed it necessary to request a committee of the Senate to keep a proposed bond issue secret, because if it were known, to use his own language, "speculators will lock up the gold in order to make a profit out of those who are expected to purchase the bonds."

Gold has been locked up before in the history of the country. On the 24th of September, 1869, the speculators in Wall street got control of it, and ran up the price from 144 to 163 in a few hours. The most intense excitement prevailed, and in those few hours many fortunes were wrecked. Fisk and Gould, who had been the prime conspirators in the movement, found it necessary to fly from the vengeance of the mob. A great panic was prevented by General Grant, then President, who directed the Assistant Treasurer at New York to sell government gold in the open market.

Only last winter we had to pay an English syndicate $8,000,000 for a promise to let our gold reserve alone. Three or four months ago we sold $50,000,000 worth of bonds to increase that reserve to about $130,000,000, and already it is down again to about $35,000,000. What has become of this influence of Pierpont Morgan & Co., for which we paid the $8,000,000?

With these experiences before them those who are in favor of the free coinage of silver believe that it is not the part of wisdom to adopt as a standard—a single standard—a coin that can be so easily controlled, and make it our only money of redemption. They demand that all of the paper-money of the government, including greenbacks, national-bank notes, and coin certificates, shall be redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the government, and not at the option of the holder, and that the mints of the country shall be thrown open to the free coinage of silver. Under such a law the government might pay gold at the request of the paper-holder whenever it is possible to do so, but it would put it out of the power of any class of men to throw us into bankruptcy by making such a demand upon us when it is impossible for us to comply. It would put it out of the power of speculators to lock up our redemption money, rendering it year after year scarcer and dearer.

There is not an intelligent advocate of the gold standard in the United States who does not know that it is impossible for the United States to redeem all of its money in gold. Their theory is that if we once promise gold no one will want it. If every gold dollar was a red-hot stove experience has taught us that there are speculators in this and every other country who would take them and lock them up, if in so doing they could extort profit from the public.

CONSTITUTIONAL COIN.

FOR BABY SWELLS.

Elaborate Outfit for Little Tots of Six or Seven.

LACES AND PARASOLS GALORE.

Miniature Poems in Chiffon and Balloon Sleeves—Some of the Rich Young Ones Are Clothed in Styles Severely Plain.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, May 25.—Men and women are only boys and girls grown tall, and children's fashions are only the abbreviated styles of their elders. The little maid of 5 and 6 and 7 has a wardrobe quite as elaborate and almost as expensive as that of her grown-up sister. The little skirts are the regulation width and the godet pleats are stiffened with genuine hair-cloth, the sleeves are big, bigger, biggest, and the hats are morsels of accordion-pleated chiffon and flowers of every hue.

I took a long breath and wondered what new glory and splendor could be provided for the little maid when she blossomed into womanhood as I watched several mothers with well-filled purses buy the outfit their little daughters were to take to seashore and mountain.

The days of the simple white-linen apron, high-necked and long-sleeved, and the best dress of dainty cashmere, with frills of lace at neck and hands, are things of the past, and no self-respecting little girl of 6 would be content with them. In their place here come gowns of daintily-tucked gingham and chambray, with guimpes and full sleeves of embroidered mull, for morning wear; yachting-suits of blue and crimson flannel, with broad, white sailor collars; afternoon dresses of daintily-flowered silks, trimmed after the fashion of their mammas' in flutings of lace and chiffon, and bunches and bows of ribbons.

One pretty old custom which has come back is for the dressing of small feet in

IN SUMMER TIME.

half socks and strapped slippers. Of course this is exclusively for house wear, yet some mothers for outings merely substitute stout little tan shoes for the slippers.

HER TOILET ACCESSORIES.

Chief among toilet accessories with which a well-dressed child is provided to-day are her handkerchiefs, her gloves, her fans, and her parasols. Of handkerchiefs she has an abundance, for morning use a simple square of linen with a tiny hemstitched border; for afternoons, gay little trifles of embroidered mull with a narrow lace edging. Her gloves are of kid, two- and sometimes three-buttoned; they match her little gowns and wraps, and fit as nicely as any lady's in the land, and this little modern child would as soon think of going without her shoes as without her gloves.

Her parasols are little befrilled white and pink and blue silk affairs, which afford quite as much delight to the tiny owners as they do discomfort and annoyance to the people who come in violent contact with them.

WHAT THE LITTLE MEN WEAR.

The little men have their trunkload of good clothes, sailor suits of cloth and linen and gingham. Blouse shirt-waists rich in embroidered ruffles and frilled with lace accompany the little dress suits of fine cloth, silk braided, and gorgeous velvet suits for the cool evenings. They have gold shirt-studs and cuff-buttons and derbies and silk hats off of the same pattern as those of their fathers and uncles.

THESE RICH TOTS DRESS PLAINLY.

In striking and pleasing contrast to these little men and women of the prosperous class are the children of the many times millionaire. Little Dorothy Whitney, the 7-year-old daughter of the ex-Secretary of the Navy, and little Gladys Vanderbilt, who live just across the street from each other, have never had befrilled, lace-, and chiffon-trimmed gowns in all of their happy little lives.

For every day they have dresses of snowy-white linen and lawn, with hand-stitched hems and fluted ruffles at throat and wrists, every stitch made by hand; their little skirts and underwaists and

READY FOR THE SEASIDE.

flannels are soft and fine as silk, but there is no trimming on them, and their chief beauty lies in the fact that they are made by hand and of the very best goods procurable.

For driving and church these little maids have gowns of white cashmere, and their cloaks are of roughly-finished heavy white cloth for cool weather, and of heavy white pique for spring and summer. Their hats are white, and their first clothes of decided blue or brown will be given them when they arrive at the dignity of 9 years.

These little maidens, who live in such splendid houses, and have nurses and

A DAINTY STYLE.

maids to care for them in the most watchful manner, have no curls nor frizzes; their hair is worn closely cropped, so that when they grow into big girls they will have a splendid, thick, silky suit, which will last them a lifetime.

A tiny, little chain, with a gold heart-shaped locket, is all of the jewelry they possess, as far as they have any knowledge. All of the baby-pins, buttons, rings, are put away with the soft, silk robes, and the lace-trimmed silk gowns they wore as little babies.

When they are grown up young ladies, their first elaborate gowns will be a genu-

THE NEW SUMMER BOY.

ine delight to them, and they will rejoice at the simple pearl necklace with its diamond clasp, which every rosebud has when she makes her debut, and which is her sole ornament until a lover puts the gem-studded engagement-ring on her finger, and her relatives begin to shower jewels upon her which are deemed unfit for lily-like girlhood, but a good and perfect adornment for a fair young matron.

REPLANTING NECESSARY.

Freaks of the Honey Bee—Many Fights.

COMORN, KING GEORGE COUNTY, VA., May 25.—(Special.)—It was discovered early this week that a great deal of the corn planted ten days or two weeks previous had rotted in the ground, and that whole fields in some sections of the county would have to be planted a second time. Frost last week damaged the sweet-potato and melon crops considerably, and, added to accompanying cold and wet weather, greatly retarded all garden and field crops except hay, wheat, and oats. It is now quite evident that all crops will be necessarily late and light, even with favorable weather from now on.

Farmers hereabout are having unusual experiences with their honey-bees this spring. They swarm as usual, notwithstanding cold, wet weather; but, instead of "settling" in order to be hived, they hie away to the wild woods and find quarters in inaccessible hollow trees.

The old fields are white with an enormous blackberry bloom, and arrangements are already being made to evaporate, can, and otherwise utilize the crop of berries as soon as ripe, as was done last year, when fair profits were realized from that source.

A GOOD DEAL OF FIGHTING.

A week or so before the campaign closed night meetings became a part of the programme here, and then knock-downs and drag-outs, blacked eyes, and skinned noses broke the dull monotony of the tiresome scene. With sixty-odd candidates in the little county, it is not surprising that little politicians could measure arms and disfigure noses when swarming around a cider-barrel at a cross-roads store in the night-time.

The public roads have been scarcely less muddy and gullied this month than they were in mid-winter, and travel over them quite as irksome as if spring-time had not come. Each week this month has brought torrents of rain, and every downpour has displaced the bridges across the important highways, so that travel has been hindered, and road-surveyors perplexed and baffled.

PERSONAL.

Miss Nancy Green, of Washington, D. C., is visiting relatives in this county.

News reaches here to the effect that Mr. Fielding Lewis, a native of King George, who went West a year or two ago, has been appointed Clerk of the United States Court of Appeals at South McAlester, I. T. Mr. Lewis is probably one of the youngest men yet appointed to so important and responsible a position in Uncle Sam's service, but it is not doubted that he will prove fully equal to the emergency.

It is reported that hundreds of railroad ties and many cords of wood have been swept away by the freshet in the Rappahannock river. The amount of the loss has not been ascertained as yet.

NEWPORT NEWS SOCIETY.

The Last Hop of the Season—A Brilliant Affair.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., May 25.—(Special.)—The last hop of the season in Newport News took place at the Casino last Tuesday evening, and a very enjoyable one it was. Music was furnished by the Old Point Band, and the dancing was kept up until the wee' sma' hours. Among the ladies present were: Miss Kate Whiting, Miss Lizzie Whiting, Miss Phillips, Miss Jennie Whiting, of Hampton; Miss Kate Burress, and Miss Harrison, of Richmond; Mrs. St. John Howard, of Norfolk; Miss Love, of Winchester; Miss Millie Upshur, Miss Elizabeth Clarke, Miss Denie Taylor, Miss Bessie Taylor, Miss Annie Michie, Miss Jule Whitley, Miss Mary Michie, Miss Emma Bruce, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Jennie Michie, Miss Annie Sheild, Miss Louise French, Miss Blanche McNair; Mrs. W. S. Boyenton, and Mrs. Calvin Satterfield, of this city. Among the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Thornton Jones, Frank Lake, Lackey Lee, Harry Holt, of Hampton; R. D. Gunn, of Richmond; A. L. Hopkins, S. L. Wood, E. L. Herndon, H. B. Burbage, J. S. Wray, A. G. Cofer, H. S. Livesey, G. W. Pierce, J. L. Street, D. H. Burch, F. A. Sanford, A. T. Mallett, E. W. Stringfield, A. C. Gensler, Claud Fitchett, Womble Holt, John Shinn, Arthur Lancaster, H. B. Kane, T. T. Harrison, W. S. Boyenton, Calvin Satterfield, Frank Mulford, H. C. Livezey, A. D. Jones, G. L. Palmer, J. P. Womble, R. S. Arthur, J. E. Deik, E. A. Allan, Arthur Burch, and Dr. Horace Taylor, of Newport News.

Miss Mary Fawcett, of Richmond, is visiting her brother, Mr. Joseph Fawcett, in this city.

Mrs. Sommerfield Brock, of Richmond, is the guest of Mrs. H. M. Catlin, in this city.

Miss Nellie Little, of Norfolk, and Mrs. Philip Smith, of Washington, are visiting Mrs. Bessie Taylor.

Misses Elizabeth Tait and Elizabeth Weyman, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. Fred. Read.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Magee, of Philadelphia, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. J. S. Mellor.

A movement is on foot to organize a ladies' auxiliary to Magruder Camp, Confederate Veterans.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

How Colonel Wilson Will Bring the Monolith to Mark It.

(Washington Star.)

Colonel Wilson, of the corps of engineers, who has special charge of the work of marking the birthplace of Washington, at Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Va., has received a letter from Mr. William Crawford, of Buffalo, who was awarded the contract for the erection of a monument, in accordance with the design approved by the Secretary of State, stating that he expects to complete the work before the close of the present calendar year. His plan is to transport the monolith and the other stones forming the monument, from Buffalo to Wakefield, on the Potomac, entirely by water, in time for delivery about the 1st of September. The route will be through the Welland canal, down the St. Lawrence river, by sea to Chesapeake bay, thence up the Potomac river to Pope's creek, where the stone will be disembarked, and carted to the spot selected as the site of the monument. This method of transportation is chosen because of the greater difficulty of overland transportation of the monolith, which is a solid stone, weighing thirty-five tons. Colonel Wilson says that while the contract does not require the completion of the monument until July 1, 1896, he is confident, barring accidents, that the entire work will be finished before the 1st of January next.

TRIBUTES IN STONE.

Many Monuments to Be Unveiled Next Thursday.

A CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

Veterans from Both the North and the South Will Participate at Its Dedication in Chicago to the 6,000 Dead of Camp Douglas.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

On Thursday next many monuments will be unveiled, some of them of national import, and many of them possessing only a local interest to an individual Grand Army Post or to the people of a small community.

The monument celebrations of National Decoration-Day of 1895 will go down in history because of one unique feature. That is the unveiling of a monument in Chicago to the Confederate dead. A few of the Grand Army posts have protested against this tribute to the men who proved themselves great soldiers and warriors worthy to meet any foe, but the majority of the posts have regarded it in a broader and kindlier spirit.

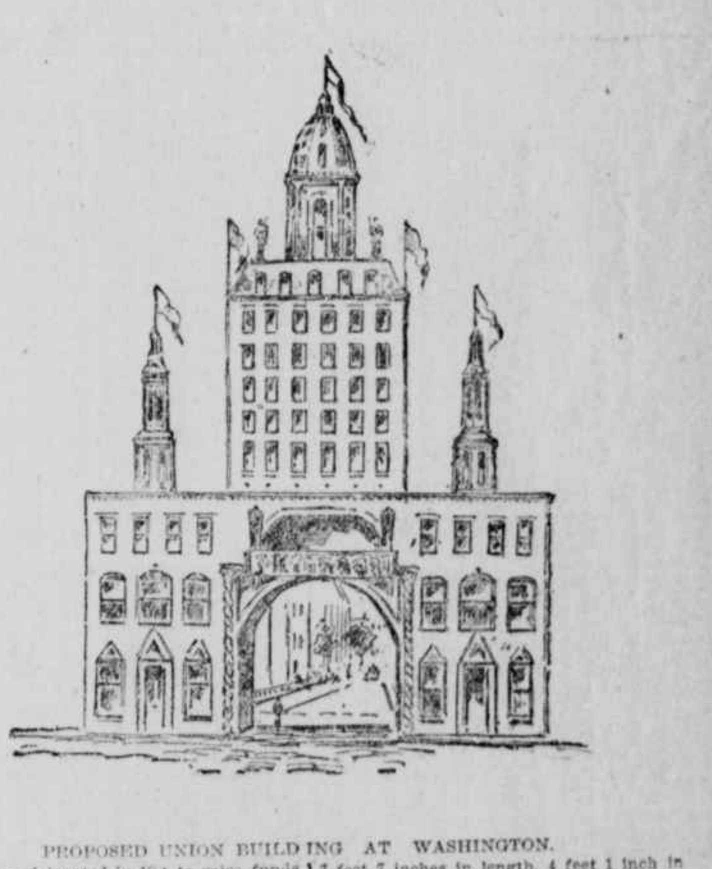
The monument is a tribute to the 6,000 Confederate soldiers who died in the prison of Camp Douglas while suffering the confinement of war from 1861 to 1865. Forty-seven hundred of this vast army

MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD TO BE UNVEILED AT CHICAGO, MAY 30TH.

of the dead are known. The remaining 1,300 lie in unmarked graves. The records of these deaths were burned. The mortality at Camp Douglas was terrifically large. The imprisoned men had been reared in the soft air of the balmy South and the rigorous severity of the northern winters killed them off by the scores. They were scantily clothed, sparsely fed, and poorly sheltered, and with constitutions already shattered by the hardships of war, they were ill-prepared to withstand the additional severity of prison life.

The bodies of the dead Confederates were interred first in the burial-ground of Camp Douglas prison, which was near the monument in the present Douglas Square. As the city grew objection was made to the graveyard, and shortly after the war closed the bodies were removed to a cemetery on the North Side. Here again the sleep of the dead was disturbed. Lincoln Park needed more room, and so the United States Government made provision for a lot in Oakwoods, where the dead might finally rest. Nearly two years ago the graves had sunk so much that three feet of earth was filled in over them. The dead are buried in concentric trenches, covering three acres, in the southern end of the cemetery.

The idea of the monument originated with the ex-Confederates of Chicago, Camp 8, United Confederate Veterans. General John C. Underwood, a southern officer, in command of the northern divisions of the United Confederate Veterans, was delegated in 1891 to raise funds for the monument. It started with $1,500, derived from a lecture by General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and the citizens of Chicago gave $10,000.



PROPOSED UNION BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.

THREE YEARS TO BUILD IT.

It took three years to build the monument. It now stands forty feet from the ground to the top of the figure which surmounts it. The pedestal is of pearl-granite from quarries at Constitution Hill, near Atlanta. This granite is of very close grain, and is susceptible of a brilliant polish. The monument was erected in July, 1893. Its lower base is 15 feet 6 inches square, and upon it are laid three other bases. On the front of one of them, cut in raised and polished letters of bold outlines, are the words: "Confederate Dead." The upper base is adorned with a series of rich mouldings, and on the front of this stone is placed an enlarged model of the Confederate seal, worked in bronze. The die of the monument is made of one massive stone, the dimensions being 6 feet 1 inch square by 2 feet 10 inches high, and has re-entering angles, which are filled with groups of cluster-columns, terminating in richly-carved Romanesque caps. Upon the north face

MONUMENT ERECTED BY BALTIMORE.

is worked in incised letters upon a polished panel, this inscription:

Erected
To the Memory of the
SIX THOUSAND SOUTHERN SOLDIERS
Here Buried, Who Died in
Camp Douglas Prison,
1862-'65.
Confederate Dead.

On each of the other three sides is a bronze panel. These panels, as well as the statue on the pedestal, were cast in Chicago. That on the east represents the "Call to Arms" of the Confederacy. The west panel represents "A Veteran's Return Home." An unarmed Confederate soldier, leaning on a hickory staff, is gazing upon a dismantled cabin. On the south side is an allegorical representation of "A Soldier's Death Dream"—the end. It represents a southern soldier dying in captivity.

An elaborate piece of masonry, ornamented with a carved wreath on each of its four gables, forms the crown to the die, and completes the pedestal. From this, as a base, springs the shaft 2 feet 6 inches square at the bottom and 12 feet in height, surmounted with a finely-designed battlemented cap. This cap supports a bronze statue of a typical Confederate foot-soldier, 8 feet high. The statue is true to detail, even to the placing of the trousers within the socks to guard against dust—a common practice with Confederate infantry.

HISTORICAL WAR-RELICS.

Relics of the war will be distributed around the monument. They are of considerable historic value, and were especially appropriated by Congress. The battery comprises four 3-inch steel rifles, which were captured by the Confederate army at Murfreesboro' and Chickamauga. They were manned by Confederates at Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Dalton, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach-Tree Creek, Atlanta, and Franklin. They were recaptured by the Federals after the battle of Nashville.

There will be a great gathering of ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers in Chicago to participate in the dedicatory exercises on May 30th.

A NATIONAL MONUMENT.

In the near future there will probably be begun in Washington the erection of a monument which will eclipse all similar structures of its kind in the country. It is the intention of a number of Grand Army posts at the great reunion at Louisville in September next to submit a resolution calling for the erection in Washington of a huge building, emblematical of the war times, the cost to be defrayed by contributions from both North and South.

L. H. Hagerty, of St. Louis, chaplain-in-chief of the Grand Army, is the originator of the idea, and he has already had drawn a plan of the kind of building which should be erected. He proposes that the structure shall be twenty stories or more in height, and of steel, and made absolutely fire-proof, so that it will stand the ravages of time for many generations to come. The rough plan calls for a wide archway in the centre, the archway to span a street, with the broad wings of the building extending on either side for an entire block. It is purposed to christen it the Union Building, and to call the street that it spans Union street.

MONUMENT TO WOMEN.

In the National Cemetery of Baltimore, adjoining the beautiful private cemetery of Loudon Park, a monument will soon be unveiled which is worthy of mention. It was the intention to have the unveiling take place on Decoration-Day, but it will hardly be in readiness for the ceremony before September next.

The monument has been arranged for by the Woman's Relief Corps of Baltimore, of which Mrs. Ruth A. Graham is the president. There are branches of the Relief Corps in all parts of the country, and as it is an auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic the latter organization has done much toward furthering its work.

The Baltimore monument is to be dedicated to the unknown dead. The statue shows a soldier in recumbent position, his head pillowed upon a mound of stones. The base is a block of granite 7 feet 7 inches in length, 4 feet 1 inch in width, and 1 foot in height. The die block is 6 feet 5 inches long, 2 feet 11 inches wide, and 1 foot 8 inches in height. The figure of the soldier is life-size, and the modelling promises to be very true.

On one side of the monument is this inscription: "To the Memory of the Unknown dead. Erected by the Woman's Relief Corps of the Department of Maryland. Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic." The other side bears this inscription:

But there upon the sodden earth he bides
His last long sleep, to sleep unnamed, unknown,
Until God's angel on the whirlwind rides,
To claim His own.

The placing of monuments on the battlefield of Chickamauga has occasioned considerable rivalry among the various States. Wisconsin has arranged for the unveiling of two monuments, one being that dedicated to the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Infantry. It will be an obelisk rising to a height of thirteen feet above the base, upon the top of which is to stand a soldier figure in bronze and life-size, holding a musket and engaged in what was termed "ramming the cartridge." He is evidently in the midst of warm action, and presents a striking appearance, high up on the block of granite. An appropriate historic inscription will appear upon the base.

The other monument which will be dedicated to the First Wisconsin Regiment, will consist of a mammoth square block of granite, after the style of a sarcophagus, comprising four separate pieces of granite of different shading, the entire piece capped by a collection of army accoutrements, including flags, muskets, canteens, blankets, knapsacks, etc. This piece will be ten feet high, and will be decidedly commanding in appearance.

Cruden, the compiler of the Bible concordance, delighted in roast-beef. "If you can get it cold, sir, with plenty of mustard, it is fit for the gods."